



" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."

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### POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE AMULET.

**Amy Vernon.**

BY JOHN LYSCOMBE.

A splendid apartment in the palace of the Queen was brilliantly illuminated ; and a somewhat large assembly surrounded the form of their sovereign, who stood at the upper end of the room. She was listening attentively to the account of a young and noble female, who had that day submitted to the torture, rather than abjure the tenets of the religion, which her own heart, and the example of the holy martyrs, who had suffered at the stake, assured her was most acceptable in the eyes of her Creator.

When the recital was concluded, the Queen cast an appealing glance on those near her, saying :—" Methinks, my lords, we have allowed these most unholy and wretched heretics to remain unwatched too long in this our country ; active measures must be used, or the land will be overspread with them. I could have borne it patiently had they been of low degree ; but now our dungeons throng with illustrious prisoners, who publicly avow the cursed opinions of those whose names would madden me to mention." Exhausted by the rapidity of her utterance, she leant for a while against the marble pillars of the chamber, and the deepening frown on her brow told of the rage that held dominion within. Presently she spoke again ; " And now, most noble gentlemen, I bid ye say how shall we deal with this erring maiden, whose gentle birth ensures some mercy. To your care, my Lord Primate," she continued, turning to Cardinal Pole, " I consign the person of Amy Vernon ; see that no pains be spared in your endeavors to lead her from her present evil course, and my gratitude will be your due ; but should thy mild counsels avail nothing, let tortures of

more acute kinds be resorted to ;" and she mechanically stretched and wreathed the ermine border of her mantle, as if to represent the convulsions of a sufferer upon the rack. The Cardinal bowed his head lowly in obedience to her commands. " Farewell, sirs," resumed Mary ; " on the morrow, at the stated hour, we will meet again, when, my Lord Cardinal, I trust to hear of the success of your labours." She walked slowly to an inner apartment, the tapestried curtain fell over the door-way, and the assembly instantly dispersed.

It was now nearly two hours since the vesper bell had sounded, and the same ecclesiastics occupied the Queen's Council-chamber, to adopt more rigorous punishments to repress the heretical opinions of the venerable Cranmer, who had lately suffered at the stake.

" How fares my noble friend ?" said Mary, extending her hand graciously to Cardinal Pole, as he entered the room ; " I bid thee report speedily of the state of the damsel Amy Vernon ; she has doubtless attended to thy counsels, and is willing to accept our pardon on such terms as we may determine on :—is it not so, my Lord ?"

" Alas ! Madam," he replied, " I grieve to say, she rejects all my advice, and has blindly devoted herself to martyrdom, preferring the funeral pile to the abandonment of her faith : unless," he added in a low tone, " your Majesty will be graciously pleased to pardon one whose religious opinion is her only fault."

" And does not *that* fault, my Lord, overbalance all her other virtues ?" returned the Queen vehemently ; " by my throne and sceptre, thou dost amuse me by calling it her *only* fault. I think I have plainly shown by the execution of the Lady Jane Grey, that I value not much personal beauties, nor mental accomplishments ;" and she laughed long and loudly.

None dared to break the silence which succeeded ; even the most familiar courtiers feared the violent spirit of their mistress ; and until she again spoke, an unbroken stillness pervaded the room.

"I crave your pardon, my Lord," said Mary, who cared not to offend the Cardinal; "my speech was prompted by the sudden ebullition of my rage, nor thought I, or intended to displease you."

"Nay, Madam," he replied, "It is not meet for me to listen to your apologies; it would ill become a servant of royalty not to bear the anger of his Sovereign,—even had he merited it."—The last words were uttered in a tone of reproach, and the blood rushed forcibly to the face of the queen.

"It is idle to waste more time in hearing farther particulars of Amy Vernon's unyielding obstinacy," exclaimed Bonner, who had till now remained silent; "if it so please your Majesty, the warrant for her execution ought presently to be signed, and speedily carried into effect."

"Your advice is both good and reasonable, my Lord," said Mary; and she beckoned to a page, who bore a small ebony table with implements of writing to her side. She would instantly have signed the parchment, but Cardinal Pole, whose counsel Mary heeded and respected, interposed; saying, "Would your Majesty deign to listen to my entreaties, I humbly would beg a short respite for this unhappy female, whose youth and inexperience entitle her to some leniency.—Could your Majesty behold her grace, and beauty, and hear her mild reasoning, you would, indeed, pity her."

"Tush!—tush!—my Lord!" interrupted the Queen, impatiently; "thou dost weary us with the recital of her charms. Marry!—I do believe thou hast been wounded by the eyes of this Mistress Amy;—justice, my Lord Cardinal, shall be satisfied whilst I possess the throne of England;" and she again seized the pen to sign the warrant. The meek and gentle Pole, who usually cared not to incense Mary, answered in a firm tone:—

"I did not suppose so slight a boon would have been denied me; but it would have been wiser had I avoided these meetings altogether, when the advice and requests of those beneath him" (and he looked angrily on Bonner) "are listened to in preference to those of the Primate of England, who had far better quit the palace of his Queen, and retire from the turmoils of a court, where his claims are little heeded."

"And by my life, thou speakest truth;" replied the wily Mary, in a soothing tone, at the same time tearing the warrant, and scattering the fragments on the floor; "talk not of leaving our Court, my Lord, and we will say nothing more of the execution of Amy Vernon for the present; but we would ourselves see this model of perfection; thinkest thou she would visit us at our Court, an we were to invite her?" she asked in a sarcastic manner.

"She will, doubtless, as it becometh her, attend your Majesty's summons;" said the Cardinal coldly; and four yeomen of the gar-

den were forthwith dispatched to his residence, with an order for the person of Amy Vernon.

The conversation grew less interesting until the arrival of the prisoner; who was instantly admitted to the Queen's presence. Her fetters had been removed at the command of the Cardinal; and when she appeared before Mary, she stood fearlessly, and returned her scrutinizing glance by one of equal firmness. Her late sufferings had somewhat impaired her beauty; but no trace of sorrow or dismay was visible on her pale countenance. She was attired in a dark garb of coarse camblet; and one of the guards more compassionate than his comrades, had thrown a cloak of scarlet cloth around her, to shield her from the inclemency of the night-wind, which formed a strong contrast to the whiteness of her neck and arms; though they were in many parts discoloured by the application of the torture. Even the boldest hearts felt awed at the wild appearance of this young creature, who thus relinquished her brilliant station in the world, for the joys and happiness which were in store for her hereafter. The silence which had succeeded the entrance of Amy, was suddenly broken by a long, loud, and piercing shriek, apparently proceeding from one of the anti-rooms; it was like that which bursts from the lips of a dying wretch, when all hopes of succour are fled;—or the fearful ejaculation of a raging maniac; and the hearers quailed with alarm, as the sounds rapidly advanced towards the room. A brief, but ineffectual struggle was heard at the door of the apartment, and with speed and violence an aged female strode into the room. She cast a wild, and eager glance on those who stood near her; and unappalled by the presence of royalty, ceased not to search until the form of Amy met her view. "Ha—ha—ha!" she shouted. "I doubted not that I should find thee;"—and she threw her arms around her, and laid her head on Amy's bosom; who pressed her convulsively to her heart, while a few tears rolled down her pallid cheek;—"I could have borne all my sufferings," she said; "but this sight has overcome my firmness. Mother,—mother,"—she paused abruptly, and sobs of bitter anguish burst from her. "Hush, hush;" replied Lady Vernon, "I do not own the title of mother; for when I passed the crowd in yon court-yard, they did all point at me, and say I had no daughter. But was it not a hideous vision? I see thee again, my Amy, and hold thee in my arms; thou, why hast thou doffed thy silken robe, and put on this coarse one?" she looked earnestly at Amy as she spoke; and then placed both hands on her brow, saying, "I know not what ails this poor heart; it is strange to see no familiar face but thine, my child. Who are they?" she continued, pointing to Mary, and her counsellors. During the frantic harangue of this poor maniac, whose disorder appeared to have been



occasioned by the loss of her daughter, the Cardinal had in terror viewed the gathering storm on the countenance of the Queen. Her sallow visage flushed and grew pale by turns; and her dull grey eyes appeared suffused with blood, thus rendering her face doubly revolting; she clenched her hand amid her hair, and tore many of the ornaments from her head-gear, and dashed them on the ground. But ere her wrath broke forth, Lady Vernon again spoke:—"Why dost thou not tell me who they are?" she said, her thoughts still dwelling on the forms before her, and speaking in the tone of one accustomed to command. "Your sovereign," replied the Queen in a voice of thunder; "who, methinks, thou mightest have learnt to reverence and fear."

"The Queen! the Queen!" shrieked Lady Vernon; "then it is in vain for me to sue for mercy, for she was never known to grant it yet. I do remember a story, which was told in my youth, of a ship-wrecked mariner, who when tossed and buffeted by the waves, did ask and implore the wild sea to have pity on him; surely his appeal was not more vain than mine!" and she clung to her daughter as if for protection. Contrary to the expectations of the Cardinal, the Queen seated herself calmly on her throne, and motioning Bonner to her, she spoke for some moments in a low whisper. He presently quitted the room; and in a short space of time returned again, and placed a roll of parchment beside her, to which she subscribed her name. It was the warrant for the execution of the Lady Vernon and her daughter Amy. This act appeared to have quelled her rage, and a flush of satisfaction appeared visible on her face, which was again composed.

"When I told thee," she exclaimed, turning to Cardinal Pole, "that the execution should be deferred, I did not think to have been insulted in mine own palace; nay, interrupt me not: thy pleading will avail nothing, my Lord; their doom is sealed;" and she cast the parchment on the table with violence, mingled with ill concealed delight, and soon quitted the assembly.

The mother and her child were publicly executed; and to strike deeper terror into the breasts of those who knew them, their funeral pile was erected in the park of their country seat; and the traveller, should his wanderings lead him to the spot, may still view a moss-covered rock, which marks the place where the bodies of Amy Vernon, and her mother were consumed.

*Sign Extraordinary!*—A wag in one of the Canal Boats, filled with passengers, on the point of approaching a low bridge, sung out—"All who are in favour of General Jackson for President will signify it by dodging;" whereupon they dodged unanimously. This vote is probably entitled to about as much consideration as the most of the "signs" in favor of the rival candidates.

FROM THE FREE PRESS.

### Alonzo De Graff.

"Stay, mortal, stay, nor heedless thrust  
Thy sure destruction seal!  
Within that cup there lurks a curse  
Which all who drink must feel!"

It was the remark of Dr. Johnson that, "In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where pleasure warbled the song of invitation." Many instances might be given, even within our own circles, where the young and virtuous have been drawn into the vice of intemperance, and have ended their lives in infamy.—But for the present, I will confine myself to the following sketch.

ALONZO DE GRAFF was an early friend: He was born in the same village, attended the same school, and belonged to the same class as myself; and being of a lively and engaging disposition, it was not singular that I should rejoice in his friendship.

When about sixteen years of age he went to reside with a respectable merchant of the village; and at about the same time, business called me to a distant part of the country. Upon parting, we each pledged our attachment, and agreed, although deprived the pleasure of each other's company, we would keep up a mutual correspondence. For a few months no one could have written with more regularity, nor with a greater appearance of true friendship, than did Alonzo; but at length his letters became less frequent, and, instead of being written in that smooth and pleasing style which had once marked them, they now wore the impress of hurry, until at last they entirely ceased.

After an absence of twelve years I again visited Montville. It was on a fine, pleasant day in autumn, when, wearied with the fatigues of a tedious journey, I arrived at my native village. But although

Long years had pass'd, and I had been  
To many a foreign land,  
Since last a father's face I'd seen,  
Or press'd a mother's hand;

and although many alterations had been made in the appearance of the place, yet enough of former scenery was left to awaken the tenderest emotions of other years. There was the majestic river, upon the banks of which I had passed so many happy hours with my young companions—the village green—the neighbouring mountain—all seemed to bring to mind the days of joyous, careless youth.

Soon after reaching home, I was informed that Alonzo, the once young and innocent Alonzo, had given himself up to the officers of justice as a murderer, and that he was then under sentence of death! My feelings upon hearing this, were indescribable, and I wept as

I reflected on the days of happiness we had known together when life was all hilarity.

It was not long before I obtained permission to see him, and was conducted to his dreary abode. There I beheld my early friend, reclining on a bed of straw, pale and emaciated. He who was once a father's pride, was here pining in a loathsome prison? As I entered, he turned his eyes towards the door, and, recognizing my countenance, he arose, and tenderly embraced me. When the emotions of the first moment were a little subsided, we seated ourselves upon the bed, and he addressed me as follows:—

"Who could have thought when last we parted, that our next meeting would have been in this place—that we should meet within the dismal walls of a prison! But intemperance has brought me to this degraded situation, and the gallows will put an end to my existence!

"About five years after you left this village my father died, leaving me in full possession of the property, which you know was extensive. I was young, lively and enthusiastic, and easily drawn into any scheme of pleasure which might be proposed. My habits became intemperate. The property was soon wasted, and I then contracted a number of small debts, which I was totally unable to discharge—creditors threatened—I applied to "friends," (for as long as wealth was mine, there were plenty who claimed that name,) and was refused. I knew not what to do, until at length I determined on highway robbery—I succeeded—when the idea came across my mind, that in order to avoid detection I must destroy the person whom I had robbed—and with the impulse of the moment I became a murderer!

"I left the country and commenced travelling in foreign lands, thinking by that means, to rid myself of the burthen which weighed upon my mind. But oh! the horrors of a guilty conscience! I was completely miserable.

———"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it—  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper!

Life became a burthen—I returned—and gave myself up to justice. You know all that has transpired since, and it is painful for me to dwell upon the changes which have taken place."

He ceased to speak, and his face was immediately covered with his hands; and the sigh which rose at intervals, bore evidence of the anguish of his bosom.

The day which had been appointed for his execution arrived; and at an early hour the inhabitants of the adjacent country began to collect in front of the old stone gaol. It was near the middle of the day when the prison doors were opened. Alonzo mounted the platform without assistance, and addressed himself in a brief manner to the spectators.

In a few moments the signal was given, and my early friend was launched into eternity!

———"O, never will that scene  
Part from my heart! whene'er I would be sad  
I think of it!"

## THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee  
From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

### Indian Sagacity.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of mature years, but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees and position of the sun that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other side of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy, likewise, to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists. An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Va. A number of the Creek nation, had arrived at that town, on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the town people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods; though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fears lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very



place they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on, and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular, was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. The graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture. The Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks above mentioned were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods in a line to one of those graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which that burial place was situated had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Travels in North America.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

The following thrilling sketch of a scene common at Rome during the reign of the tyrant Nero, is taken from "Salathiel," a work of intense interest, by the Rev. Mr. Croly, which we have formerly noticed as entitled to rank high among the numerous literary productions that have recently been offered to the public.

#### Sketch.

"A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by the soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the christian, and he was left alone. He drew the

mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

"All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and Heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed—the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man—to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures,—torn piece-meal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me. I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero—but I sat like a man of stone—pale, paralyzed—the beating of my pulses stopped—my eyes alone alive.

"The gate of the den was thrown back and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air, when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang around the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on his hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man: again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold—but his strength was evidently giving way—he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before—still, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena.—But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone and threw herself on the victim.—The sight of a new prey roused the lion, he tore the ground with his talons, he lashed his streaming sides with his tail, he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound, he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood in the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted—men burst out into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt—one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as the only answer. I again adjured her—There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her head with an air of superb sorrow.

" 'I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone."

" 'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips before her 'yet, my Constantius, it was to save the father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home!—Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild power,—'he was betrayed—and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——!'"

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me. I tottered forward a few paces and fell.

The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me, I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck, gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped—he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

"With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards—the portal was opened and my children sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena."

### Friendship.

It is not by the stranger, nor the common acquaintances in life, we feel solicitous to be remembered; but by the well chosen friend, who is capable by his presence to add to, or by his absence to diminish our happiness in life: It is our faithful friend, who is ever willing to participate in all our woes, and with whom we ever delight to share all our pleasures. It is to our friend we reluctantly give the parting hand, and while we endeavor to repress the unbidden tear, once more exclaim, "forget me not." Next to the Divine, unseen, and yet unerring hand which guides our every way through life, stands our friend: and who but one whose treacherous heart is incapable of so pure a passion, would not prize a friend as heaven's best gift, without which an Eden would be a wild, and with which, no situation can be entirely comfortless! Virtue, purity of manners, an elevated soul, and a perfect integrity of heart are indispensably requisite to render friendships pure and lasting. In vain do we seek for it among the ignorant, the selfish, or men of loose and profligate principles; for we soon shall be ashamed of loving a man we cannot esteem. There is something sacred in the social name of Friend. It is not to be touched with a rude hand. It is pure; and none can truly taste it, but those of warm passions and a refined genius. Such may say with Ovid, "we two are a multitude." E.

### Whitfield's Eloquence.

Reading the account given by Dr. Franklin, of the extraordinary effect which Whitfield's eloquence produced on him, in drawing from his pocket first his coppers, then his silver, and at last his gold, we were reminded of a similar anecdote told us recently concerning "old



father Flynt," formerly a tutor in Harvard college. This gentleman was noted for his parsimony, and had several times reproved the students for attending Whitfield's preaching. One day he yielded to the request of another officer of the college, and went with him to hear Whitfield. There was a collection made for some asylum at the south, and Flynt being transported by his eloquence, unconsciously drew from his pocket a bill, and dropped it into the box. He invited his friend back to take tea with him, and on his way scarcely opened his mouth. As soon as Flynt opened the room one of the students who boarded with him asked how he liked Mr. Whitfield. "Like him!" replied Flynt, "Why, the dog has robbed me of a five pound note!"

He who has a low forehead, and full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey. He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life, and that is infallible.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bridle; but these are not hard mouthed, but all mouth.

A little mouth drawn up like a purse denotes darkness within, and looks more like a loop-hole than a window.

A watery mouth, that splutters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a bib.

He that is bald will have no hair; and if he happens to have any it will not be on the bald place.

Women who have curious eye-brows will in all likelihood have eye-lashes under them, and will be beloved if any body takes a liking to them.

Whosoever you see a man who has but one eye, you may safely conclude that he has lost the other.

They that have but small feet will need but little shoes, and will have a light pair of heels.

*Translated from the Spanish.*

**Massa's Foot.**—The following circumstance is a striking illustration of the utter recklessness of feeling in relation to all that is endearing to human nature, which a state of slavery produces in the bosom of its victims. A negro in Kentucky, not long since, had accidentally inflicted a wound on his foot, which was likely to prove fatal through want of care. A person asking the negro why he did not bind it up was answered; "He be no *my* foot; he be Massa's foot—if Massa want him well he may cure him heself."—*Penn. Gaz.*

**Ornamental Style.**—A beautiful thought naturally suggests a beautiful form, or turn of expression; though some canting critics will have it, that a beautiful style is all mere tinsel, without considering whether the sentiments and imagery are not equally beautiful. With this description of critics, Pope is a mere

rhymmer, because his numbers are so harmonious. But are not his sentiments and imagery in equal harmony with each other? Is a beautiful woman to be called not beautiful because she clothes herself in beautiful array?—Yet so it would seem from the judgment of these critics. They cannot endure an elegant style and manner in any author, and yet the moment they detect the least inelegance, they expose and turn it into ridicule. The critic is therefore, always armed with a two-edged sword.

A reverend divine, being accused of negligence in his calling and being styled an *unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, "he was always with them at the *shearing time*."

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1828.

**The Token.**—The beautiful little volume bearing this title, issued last year by the enterprising Mr. Goodrich of Boston, was well received, and that gentleman, whose unwearied exertions have contributed much to the advancement of American literature, is about to publish a second, for the ensuing Christmas. It is said to excel in paper and print the best English Souvenirs, and with respect to engravings to surpass any thing of the kind that has hitherto appeared. Mr. Willis, the talented author of the poetical effusions signed "Roy," which have been so extensively admired, is the editor of the work.

**Detraction Displayed, by Mrs. Opie.**—This work has recently been republished by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Carey of Philadelphia. Like all the productions of Mrs. Opie it is full of interest and inculcates precepts strictly conformable to the purest principles of morality. Detraction being a vice so generally prevalent, the truths contained in this book, some of which will doubtless come home to the bosom of every reader, are deeply calculated to produce a beneficial moral tendency.

## MARRIED,

In this city, on Tuesday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Peter Boughton, of Catskill, to Miss Lemira Trowbridge, of this city.

At Athens, Greene co. on Tuesday, the 2d inst. by the Rev. C. C. Van Cleef, Charles A. Keeler of Albany, to Ann Maria, daughter of Elijah Spencer, of the former place.

At Troy, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Frederick Stott, formerly of this city, to Miss Ruby Squire.

At Dutchess county, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Berger, Mr. Daniel Cockingham, of Claverack, to Miss Catherine Barringer, of the former place.

## DIED,

At Baltimore, on the 1st inst. Mr. Charles Bedell, aged 21 years, formerly of this city.

At Lancaster, Pa. William S. Cardell, Esq. formerly of New-York, author of a new grammar, and several other valuable school books.

At Hillsdale, on the 5th inst. while on a visit to her friends, Miss Eliza M. Tuthill, of New-York, aged 22 years.

In New-Lebanon, on the 24th ult. Mr. Virgil Moses, son of Mr. Sera Moses, aged 31 years.

At New-York, suddenly, on Saturday the 6th inst. Gen. Theodorus Bailey, Post-Master of that city, aged about 70 years.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
TO A——

'Tis now decreed that I must leave  
This lone monastic dome;  
But sorrows round my bosom wreath,  
While yet I long for home:—  
The home where I was wont to spend  
Full many a pleasing hour,  
In social converse with some friend,  
Or ramble in the bower.  
There oft at twilight would we sit  
Upon the mountain's side,  
And view the vessels slowly flit,  
O'er the Hudson's placid tide.  
These scenes reluctantly I left  
To view this lowly dome,  
But now my heart of joy's bereft,  
That I from here must roam.  
But what doth thus my heart depress  
With feelings of despair;  
'Tis Friendship, love that do caress,  
That bind the young, the fair.  
That smooth the thorny path of life,  
That make the desert smile,  
That calm the ruffled thought and strife  
And sorrows all beguile.  
But ah! 'twill nought avail to mourn;  
Since sure, 'twas fate's decree,  
That I for grief and wo was born  
The Muses devotee.  
So fare-thee-well! ah, now adieu!  
Perhaps forever more!  
Yet Fancy often to my view,  
Thy presence shall restore.

E.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

### BAYARD,

"Without fear, and without reproach," fell at the head of the French army, when defeated near the Sessia. The traitor Bourbon led the victorious forces.

In vain the rallying trumpet calls!  
The warrior's work is done:  
France with her gallant chieftain falls—  
The brave and stainless one;  
No more the wavering line he leads,  
But helpless on the plain he bleeds.

He lies beneath a mighty tree,  
That shades the field of blood,  
And now the hostile chivalry  
Close round him like a flood;  
And one stern warrior standing by  
Regards him with a pitying eye.

As leaning on his bleeding hilt,  
He breathes his dying prayer,  
To wash away the stains of guilt,  
His erring heart may bear;  
He makes his peace with God, and now  
He lifts his calm and radiant brow.

But when he sees the warrior's gaze  
Intently bent on him,  
He feels the fire of earlier days—  
His eye no more is dim;

He bursts the gathering chains of death,  
And speaks with hard and struggling breath.

"Ah! Bourbon! let thy pitying gaze,  
Be cast on those that live,  
To taste the base and withering praise  
A deed like thine can give.  
For thou art now a guilty thing,  
The hireling of a hostile king.

Oh! could those days be ours again  
When fighting side by side,  
Our arms in many a battle plain  
Upheld our country's pride!  
But now—a bloody doom like mine  
Is rapture, to a life like thine."

He dies, before the generous flame  
Hath left his manly cheek,  
And that stern warrior's giant frame,  
Is now like childhood weak;  
He stands with faint and drooping head,  
The living quakes before the dead.

The dead hath borne a noble part,  
In all the battle fray;  
And France shall treasure in her heart,  
The memory of this day,  
That kept her ancient fame so well,  
When HE, her best and bravest fell!

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—The letter A.

PUZZLE II.—Because they are High-men (Hymen.)

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

You beauteous ladies of the free-born Isle,  
Well skill'd in sayings dark, and problems hard,  
Rouse up your wits, and bring me to your ken,  
Then to the wond'ring world my name declare.  
When first the wisest architect of heaven  
Had form'd this world by his Almighty fiat,  
A work stupendous, and as good as great,  
I then no being had; how long this globe  
Had on its axis whirl'd, and heaven's bright lamp,  
With genial rays, produced plants, flowers and fruits,  
Ere I came forth to fright and terrify,  
Sages and wise men are not yet agreed.  
But seeing now I am, I shall remain  
Till the last fire calcines the universe.  
My nature is amphibious; lands and seas  
Do me contain, or ponds, or lakes, or rivers;  
In mountains high, and vales below, I dwell,  
In lions fierce, and ghastly crocodiles,  
Tigers me cherish, and the ravenous shark,  
Well arm'd with teeth, the thick, and shovel nose,  
And many of the land and funny kind.  
Some men we love, but I by most am hated,  
Who start and tremble, and at my name look pale.  
But why this cause of fear? since I am friendly,  
And hospitable entertainment give.

II.

Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

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